HAS BEEN PROCLAIMING GOLDEN RULE AND LIVING IT FOR ELEVEN YEARS

Raymond Robins, the Oratorical Discovery of the Great Men and Religion Forward Movement, Gives His Personal Experiences.

By JAMES B. MORROW.

New York, June 22.—Who is Raymond Robins? Thousands of men, all sorts of men, have been asking that question during the past six months. They have seen him come, almost with timidity, to the edge of the platform—dark-faced and shaved, hair as black as an unlit sky of the night—and have heard him, in a low, manly voice, with a fine artistry of words and in eloquence and real passion, appeal for social justice. And they have listened to his warnings. Another Jeremiah, some have said; a new Patrick Henry, others have asserted.

Fragments of a wonderful story found currency in many large American cities. Once he was a miner. He made a fortune in Alaska. Had men and bad women are his friends. Also he is a lawyer. All the tramps know him, and go to him when hungry. Capitalists condemn him, and then take him by the hand. Strikers are restrained by his orders. Why? as a climax of surprise and interest, he has even been a politician. So the fragments passed among audiences in New England and the West, but the question, "Who is Raymond Robins?" remained unanswered. Chicago knew, San Francisco knew, the Klondike knew, a host of toilers and sinners knew in a limited sense, but the rest of the world was eager for the facts.

The One Great Discovery.

Raymond Robins was the one great personal revelation of the Men and Religion Forward Movement. Like the gold he found in Alaska, he existed, but he had not been dug out and brought to the surface for mighty national purposes. Yet he had been working for eleven years, and saying that "the whole issue of life and death rests in the eternal relationships of men, upon the way you deal with your fellow-man and upon the way that you treat the least of us (the beggar or a Magdalene, he might have said) in terms of our simplest human needs." That is his text. That is his life. It is the Golden Rule amplified. And he had been proclaiming it and living it among millionaires, workingmen, and vagrants ever since, in the gloomy and benumbing silence of a Northern night, he saw the white cross of the Galilean peasant—an optical fraud, he imagined, or the first dreadful sign of approaching madness—amid a wilderness of snow and ice.

There is no better description, perhaps, of Fred B. Smith than to call him America's ablest religious statesman and propagandist. He managed the forward movement, calling Raymond Robins into the work, though Robins said: "Some of the men who are supplying you with money have had strikes in their factories and I have assisted the strikers. They may be offended." "We'll try it, anyway," Smith answered, and Robins joined Team No. 3, traveled 27,362 miles, spoke in thirty-seven cities, from New England to the States on the Pacific, gave his services without price for seven months, and became the oratorical discovery and sensation of the movement. He is not a Socialist, but he believes that property is in some danger, and that social justice—industrial liberty, he terms it—is bound to follow religious and political justice, or liberty, in the evolutionary processes of the human race. So he calls on Christian captains of industry to heed and help the revolution that is bound to come.

Pays $16 a Month Rent.

Thus property can be saved. He lives with his wife, who was Margaret Dreier, the sociologist and writer, in a Chicago tenement, and pays $4 a week rent. While he was in charge of the municipal lodging house, he came into personal contact with 50,000 homeless men and boys, representing, as he phrases it, "the social and industrial human drift of our national life." But I wanted his romantic story, rather than his preachments and opinions, and I write it down as I caught it in the library of a club in this city, his head resting on the back of a leather chair and his eyes looking at the ceiling.

"I am spoken of as being a Southern man," he said, "and there may be a little drawl in my voice. As a matter of fact, I was born nearly thirty-nine years ago on Staten Island. But I went to Florida when a very small boy, going to some of my mother's kindred. My father, however, was an Ohio man and once lived at Zanesville. And there in Florida I grew up, on a sandy plantation containing an orchard of uncertain orange trees. I was ignorant, bashful, and reticent.

"I went to school for nine months, spread through three winters, and that is all the primary education I ever had. My last teacher, a man from the North, taught me to think. Up to his coming among us, I had only acted and felt. My sister, Elizabeth Robins, the novelist, lived elsewhere, and was older than myself, and while I did not see her during my childhood, I idealized her, and later longed to get out into the world, earn money, and buy her dresses, jewelry, and books. When I was lonely, I would think of her, and so I lived until I was sixteen years of age, working in the sand and heat and helping to gather our lean crops.

Becomes a Coal Miner.

"My first work for wages was in the commissary, or general store, of a company operating a phosphate mine. Then I drifted upward into Tennessee and began digging coal, working twelve hours a day, mostly on my knees, for $6 a week. By Friday I was tired out. I had no companionship and no cheer. My legs were stiff, my arms and back ached, my lungs were full of coal dust, and my eyes inflamed by the smoke from my candle. So it came to pass that on Fridays, after my work was done, I went to the miners' saloon quite regularly for a time. It was warm and light and men told stories and talked. I learned the taste of beer, which I drank moderately, but it made me mentally torpid the day after, dried up the moisture of my mouth, and I cut it out. My sister, Elizabeth, came into my head, the vision of one I truly loved, and, besides, I felt that some time I should leave the mine and that I needed all my faculties and strength.

"A miner from Colorado informed me that men out there received $4 for eight hours of work. I thought he was lying, but I went to Colorado, riding on freight trains, hoping that he might be telling the truth. In that Western country, with a short day and four times my former wages, I had opportunity for reading and money for books. It is said that if some men are given leisure and good pay they will squander both in saloons. That is probably so. I answer such a statement, however, by remarking that if higher dividends are given to some rich men their sons will buy automobiles and diamonds for chorus girls. Still it is not my function to judge either class by the foolish or vicious members of that class.

"By and by I returned to the South and started to prospect in Florida for phosphate and to search Oklahoma and Texas for asphalt. I became fairly wise to this game and picked up most of the tricks in the trade. Farmers were swindled by large corporations, and I learned how it was done. Every one, I thought, was out for graft. Money then was uppermost in my head. I came to New York, before I was of age, to sell a tract of land. We sat around a table in the Wall Street district—the future buyers, a geologist, a lawyer and myself.

A Lawyer and a Shark.

"The college professor was the whole works. His expert opinion outweighed the lawyer's common sense. I saw his blunders and regarded him as a narrow, technical shark. The lawyer was alert, prudent and up to snuff. He, I perceived, had mingled with the world. When he talked he was understandable. 'Here,' I said, 'is the simplicity of genuine knowledge. The geologist conceals what he doesn't know by a lingo of strange words.' Education obtained wholly from books, I thought, was mere bunk.

"Money ceased to hold my imagination about that time. There were other things more desirable than wealth. I'd be a lawyer. Back in Florida, at Ocala, where I had lived, Otis Green, a Northern man, was practicing incidentally while trying to regain his health. He called me a fool, but I studied in his office. Two days before I came of age, the examiners licensed me to perform indiscriminately, even saying I might appear in the Supreme Court. Now I knew where I meant to settle and build up a business. I had gone to California, and had seen great crowds of people walking in the principal street—big people, with clear eyes, red cheeks, and springs in their feet. 'Under these skies,' I said, 'the human race is physically perfect.' I had been brought up on bonny-clabber and sweet potatoes and my own complexion wasn't the best. 'Some day,' I promised myself, 'I shall come back here to live.'

"But I didn't start for California as soon as I was admitted to the bar. 'I can operate in Florida, no doubt, but even so,' I thought. 'I'll always be a one-horse lawyer. I am ignorant. I'll study some more and then hurry on to San Francisco.' I was full of juice and hope and longed to put my power into use. Up to this time of my life religion hadn't bothered me to any extent. I had kept out of evil ways, there were granite walls, I could see, under the moralities of life and the Bible was a good book, intended for women, children, and feeble men, but I did not act or philosophize any further.

Said He Was Crazy.

"After studying a lot of catalogues, I decided to enter Columbian Law School, in Washington, because it was located at the capital of the country and Mr. Justice Harlan and Mr. Justice Brewer were members of the faculty. I demanded a place in the senior class. The authorities informed me, after learning that I had only gone to school nine months, that I would have to be examined even to be admitted as a freshman. 'I am a lawyer,' I said, 'and under your regulations I am qualified to be a senior. Moreover, I intend to take your whole course in a single year and post graduate work besides.'

"'You are crazy,' the authorities sneeringly replied.

"'Yes, I am crazy, but what I say goes.'

"It was a great year. I studied night and day. Heard many trials in the Supreme Court and listened to Joseph H. Choate and Judge Dillon contest a case as opposing counsel. I also heard Susan B. Anthony argue for woman suffrage. I'd been against the proposition. 'Mademoiselle,' I said, when she finished her speech, 'you have got my goat.' I paid the secretary a dollar and have been rooting for woman suffrage ever since. My law diploma followed me by mail as I sped across the continent toward the Pacific Coast. I beat it there by two days. I was in a hurry, you must remember. Wanted to get among the big people with red cheeks, blue eyes and springs in their feet. By this time my money was nearly all spent, but I rented an office in the best building in town. Whereupon I sauntered into the police court. I was twenty-two years old, but I'd been up and down the earth more or less. A woman asked me to take her case. 'All right,' I said, '$5, please, in advance.'

"'You're no lawyer,' she screeched, 'you are a dock-wolloper.'

"'Oh, very well,' I replied, '$25.'

"She paid the money and I got her off by picturing her distress to the kindly old chap on the bench. After that I defended thieves and shady persons of both sexes. A murder trial gave me some reputation. Meanwhile I had edged my way into politics, being a Democrat. Took an active part in the oratory and general proceedings of the Iroquois Club. Big thieves and little thieves were running both parties.

A Hero with Clay Feet.

"A bill was introduced in the Legislature to increase the salaries of the members of the fire and police departments. One department was Democratic and the other was Republican. The bill was a rank steal of the taxpayers' money, but the bosses said it should pass. I fought the proposition in the Iroquois Club. A fine young fellow—I would have followed him off the cliffs into the Pacific Ocean had he whistled for me to come—turned his principles inside out overnight and declared for the bill. A little while later he was made an attorney for the Southern Pacific Railroad, and now lives in a marble palace. Thus my first California idol went to smash and my pride and my heart were wrenched.

"Well, I fought the bill, and a decision was won in the Supreme Court. The measure was class legislation and unconstitutional by the law of the State. Offers came to me from the thieves who were managing the city. They thought I was a useful man. I was poor and worn out by hard work. The temptation was dangerously great. I had few reliable friends, and went for counsel to an old carpenter whom I had met at a gathering of workingmen. We talked far into the night. 'I have fought honestly,' I told him, 'but the men in whom I have most believed advise me to get a place at the pie counter.' It was the turning point of my life. The carpenter was a wise and upright man, while I was only a boy, you understand.

"And the next morning the Excelsior came down from Alaska with a cargo of virgin gold. It brought the first news of the rich diggings in the Klondike. I saw dust and nuggets on a black cloth in the window of a steamship company. 'Here,' I thought, 'is an opportunity to escape. I can mine gold as well as coal. In Alaska, out in the open, under the sky, I can have an equal chance with the rest.' A Colorado miner became my partner, I supplying the money for our outfit and transportation. We slept in fur bags on the ice, tramping, always tramping, toward our El Dorado.

They Hated Each Other.

"The cold crept along our nerves and into our heads and deadened our hearts and stirred upon our suspicions. My partner thought I was loafing on the handles of the sled. I thought he was an old woman at the end of the rope. We scarcely spoke to each other, and yet at a pinch would have shown that our sullenness and animosity were external and not genuine. Finally we came to the Mission of the Holy Cross on the frozen banks of the Yukon River. We were taken in and fed for the first time in three months, and I slept in a bed.

"A white-haired priest had welcomed us. I was drawn to him as soon as our eyes met. He was a Johns Hopkins man, and had practiced law. A shadow fell across his life, I dare say, he turned priest, and his church sent him into the North. I saw his schools where Indian boys were taught trades and Indian girls learned to sew, cook, and keep house. As we lay on the furs by the fire I said: 'This is excellent, but you are too big a man to waste your life in the snow. Smaller men can do your work.'

"'My son,' the priest replied, 'civilization was carried from Athens to Rome, missionaries bore it to the heathen inhabiting Great Britain, and thence across the ocean to the United States. Some day one of the great cities of the world may be in Alaska, rich as it is in timber, coal, and gold. Honored am I in the task I have been put to do. Where duty calls man shall go, leaving the results to God.'

"I never saw the priest again, but I carried his message away in my heart. I had found a new type. All men were not grafters. Selfishness didn't rule some parts of the earth. My partner and I labored wearily on. We ran out of food. One night we lay down in our sleeping bags, hating each other, waiting for death.

He Saw a White Cross.

"'Oh, yes,' I said in my despair and unbelief, 'God thinks a whole lot of me.' I got up. 'I'll die on my feet,' I thought, 'instead on the ground like a dog.' I walked away in the awful stillness of the North. Red lights of the aurora borealis tipped the mountain tops with the mockery of heat. 'Yes,' I repeated, 'God loves me a whole lot.' Then I beheld, right before me, a white cross. 'At last,' I groaned, 'I am mad.' I closed my eyes and looked again. The cross remained. I turned away and looked once more, and the cross was there. Holding my head so that I could not see it, I walked forward to test my vision and senses. My foot struck a little stake in the ground. Instantly I realized that I had come upon the grave of an Indian trapper, fenced in by little sticks and over it a cross made of birch glistening in the night with frost, the two pieces held together by willow roots. I wasn't crazy, after all.

"But a singular thing happened. I thought of the priest and of the Galilean peasant, whose cross had leaped continents and oceans and for 1900 years had cheered, sustained, and rescued human beings. I went back to my partner, joyfully, spoke to him like a comrade, and he, catching at the hope in my voice, sprang up and four hours later we found food and fire in a little village at the other side of the range.

"I did well in Alaska. The second year I left my partner and my claims and hunted out a missionary. 'I'll chop wood,' I told him, 'but let me help you.' He gave me a copy of the Bible and Henry Drummond's book, explaining the Scriptures. I read St. John at the rough little hotel in the settlement. 'It's good stuff,' I thought, 'barring one or two matters.' St. Paul's letters, in the main, were fine. Romans, however, I thought were fierce. Revelation stumped me at first. But when I found anything mysterious I consulted Henry Drummond. In the end, I believed enough to make me want to follow Christ. After a while I began to preach. Gold was discovered at Anvil Creek. Nome was the center of the rush. We started a library and hospital, and the miners elected me pastor of St. Bernard's Church.

Eleven years ago I moved to Chicago. I told Graham Taylor, the social settlement worker, I'd wait on his door or do anything else if he would only take me in. I turned my hand to politics and helped to clean up the Seventeenth Ward, to give the working people pure food and to get their children decent human influences.

"But, here, I've talked enough. I'll say just one more word: I have found the finest job on earth."

ELOQUENCE HAS THRILLED THOUSANDS.

RAYMOND ROBINS.

SOCIETY LEADER PREDICTS REVOLUTION

MRS. STUYVESANT FISH.

New York, June 20.—In a remarkable interview Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, arbiter of New York and Newport society, compares existing conditions in America with those which existed in France just previous to the revolution. "The thing which disturbs me most," said Mrs. Fish, "is the bitter class feeling which exists, and which should be bridged over. There is a class feeling because there are classes, and there always must be classes, because brains are and always will be of unequal worth. I know that if I were a maid and had to jump at the call of my mistress and give up all my personal interests in her whims, I might feel the same as she does. But there is one thing the servants do not seem to appreciate, namely, that while they must jump at the ring of the bell, all of us must jump to the rings of our bells. We all have some others pressing the button for us, no matter how comfortable and luxurious our environment may seem."

BAGGAGE SMASHING GETS A HARD BLOW

Cumberland Valley Railroad to Use Air Mats to Protect Trunks.

What is baggage "smashing?"

The wires were "hot" last night telling of the adoption by the Cumberland Valley Railroad Company of a buttress mat, consisting of coiled air hose, which will prevent the breaking of trunks and suitcases as they are handled by employes of the road while en route to the destination of the passenger. The buttress was adopted, it was stated, because of the wholesale smashing of baggage by the men who handle the trunks on that line.

The managers of the road say their step is one that will meet with universal approval and they expect to revolutionize such work and save thousands of dollars by the origination of a new form of conservation.

According to local baggage men, the employes of the Cumberland line must be a careless aggregation of workers. The expense the company is subjected to in installing the buttresses will amount to thousands of dollars, and local experts are certain that the breakage does not warrant such an outlay of money.

J. T. Marshall, assistant baggage master at the Washington Terminal, ridiculed such an invention—if it may be called an invention.

"There surely can be no cause for such an innovation," said Mr. Marshall. "Why, it seems inconceivable that any railroad cannot supervise the handling of baggage so closely that the breakage is a minor detail. In handling baggage, just as in handling any other material, the articles are broken at times regardless of the way they are handled. For the number of trunks and suitcases we handle in the baggage rooms of the Union Station, the complaints we receive are very few, and in most instances are received from persons whose property has not been damaged to any great extent.

"I do not believe the idea advanced by the Cumberland line is practical. It plans to install air hose mats at all their way stations, and say the trainmen must not drop the trunks to the platforms unless the mats are in place. This will involve a lot of extra work, and I doubt very much that it will save the trunks. It will rather save the platforms.

"How can breakage occur in any well-organized baggage room. As an example, one may inspect the work of our baggage men. When a train comes into this station it is met by a motor truck manned by a crew of three men. The trunks are lifted from the cars to the truck, and when they reach the baggage room are taken off.

"It is in the baggage room they receive the roughest handling, and then they are just dropped a distance of about eighteen inches to a floor covered with a heavy mat."

All the baggage "smashers" at the Union Station agreed with Mr. Marshall's views. They declared that it would cost an employe his position to handle trunks roughly, and added, startling as it may appear, that it is easier to handle baggage carefully than it is to throw it around with utter abandon.

Therefore, Mr. Tourist, you may rest easy in the future as to the welfare of the trunks and their contents, for it appears to be the concensus of opinion among railroad officials that the days of the square-jawed, hulking, and slirking baggage men are over.

Canvey Island.

Canvey Island, where it is proposed to construct a deep sea dock, is one of the most un-English spots in the kingdom, asserts the London Chronicle. The island was almost submerged until 1622, when the owner, Sir Henry Appleton, agreed to give one-third of it to Joas Croppenburg, a Dutchman skilled in the making of dikes, on condition that he "inned" it. This the Dutchman did by the erection of a sea wall twenty miles in length. Many of the workmen whom Croppenburg brought over settled on the reclaimed land. Some of the old Dutch houses still remain, and the whole aspect of the flat, also treeless island, is suggestive of the banks of the Zuyder Zee.

Diplomatic Service Open to Young Men

Pay Is Good to Those Who Can Qualify—Many Have Risen from Ranks to Positions of Great Importance.

There are a number of vacancies in our diplomatic service just at present, and now is the time to apply for them. It is a fine chance for live-wire, alert young men. The State Department has not even any eligibles at hand to fill these places, oddly enough—whereas in the consular service there is a long list of eligibles, waiting for vacancies to occur.

One reason for this curious situation seems to be that in the lower grades of the diplomatic service the pay is not so good as in the consular branch, while expenses are greater. A young secretary, especially if attached to an embassy in a gay European capital, is liable to find himself burdened with social obligations which are an embarrassment to a slender purse; and thus it is that in a majority of instances such positions are held by men who have some means of their own.

On the other hand, the service offers a number of very considerable prizes, attainable by good work and through the exhibition of efficiency. Of forty-three ambassadors and ministers on the list, fifteen have been promoted to their present rank from secretaryships, and four from consular positions. The "spoils system" has been done away with (barring the fact that men are sometimes appointed to the highest ranks from outside), and the service has been so far taken out of politics that during the last two Republican administrations there has been a large increase in the number of Democrats on its roster.

Sure of Opportunity.

A young man who enters the service is always sure of an opportunity to show efficiency, if he possesses it, and good work brings certain recognition and rapid promotion. Our present Minister to Chile, Henry P. Fletcher, was a Rough Rider in the war with Spain. He afterward sought a diplomatic career, and while first secretary of the legation at Pekin distinguished himself by setting on foot the important negotiations having to do with loans by this country to China. Edwin V. Morgan, our Ambassador to Brazil, and Charles D. White, our Minister to Honduras, both rose from the ranks.

Principal among the prizes to be won in the service are ten ambassadorships, at $17,500 apiece. They are seven ministers plenipotentiary, at $12,000, and twenty-four at $10,000. The diplomatic agent at Cairo (who is incidentally consul general) receives $6,500 a year, and the minister resident at Monrovia (Liberia), $5,000.

There are ten secretaries of embassy at $3,000; seven secretaries of legation at $2,625, and twenty-four at $2,000; ten second secretaries of embassy at $2,000, and two second secretaries of legation at $1,800. Of third secretaries of embassy there are seven at $1,200. But there is to be a rearrangement and regrading of these minor places before long, it is expected—though without augmentation of salaries.

The Sulzer bill, now before Congress, which has the hearty approval of the Department of State, authorizes the President to appoint all diplomatic officers to grades, and not to places. Thus, if this measure becomes law, a man will be appointed not secretary of embassy to France, for example, but simply secretary of embassy. The President will then be at liberty to make transfers in that grade without action by Congress—or similarly in any other grade, sending a secretary from The Hague to Brussels, or vice versa, just as he might assign an officer of the army or navy to one post or another, as he deemed most expedient.

Keep Efficiency Records.

The Sulzer bill requires the Secretary of State to keep efficiency records, and to place the names of the most efficient men before the President. It compels the reports of the board which examines candidates for appointment in the service to be made public; and it definitely grades the minor places, in order that a man, when transferred from one post to another may know, and that everybody else may know, whether it is a promotion or not. This is a matter of importance for its moral effect upon the individual.

The most vital feature of the Sulzer bill, however, is the translation into statutory law of the principles of the various executive regulations, promulgated from the White House at different times, by which the service as it now stands has been built up. When these principles have been placed in due form on the statute books, they will not be subject to change or interference. As things are now, a President might wipe them all out by a stroke of his pen.

Any American citizen between the ages of twenty-one and fifty may apply for employment in our diplomatic service. For this purpose he should write to the Secretary of State, and in reply he will receive a letter of acknowledgment inclosing an application blank. The latter he fills out with some briefly-stated points of information in regard to himself—his age, whether married or single, educational training, business experience, if any, and so forth. This should be accompanied by letters of recommendation from persons of known responsibility; and it is highly desirable that he furnish letters also from one or both of the Senators from his State—because, if nominated, they will be called upon to act upon his case, and are liable to prevent confirmation if they know nothing about him personally.

Must Translate Language.

The letters and data he furnishes in this way give the department some sort of notion whether or not he is a suitable man. If the decision be favorable so far, he is notified of the date of the next examination of applicants. Such examinations are in future to be held once a year, in writing, at the Pension Building, in Washington, under the direction of the civil service.

The written examination comprises the translation of at least one modern language, such as German, Spanish, or French, and answers to questions in regard to modern history, international law, diplomatic usage, and the resources and commerce of the United States. For example, the candidate might be asked what important battle was fought after the treaty terminating the war with Great Britain was signed. Or, the price of a barrel of flour in 1855 being $12, and at the close of the century less than $5, how was the decrease brought about?

There is, in addition, an oral examination, held at the Department of State, which counts 50 per cent, or as much as the written examination. If a business man thinks of employing any person newly, he wants, as a matter of course, to see him first and ask him a few questions. Thus the candidate is questioned with a view to ascertaining his degree of intelligence, common sense, tact, and acquaintance with what is going on in the world. What is wanted in the diplomatic service is bright, wideawake young men.

The examining board, composed of officers of the department, reports the men in the order in which they pass. All who get markings over 80 per cent are put on the eligible list. When a vacancy occurs, the Secretary of State recommends to the President the man who seems to be best qualified.

Receives Instruction.

If the candidate finally secures the job, he receives thirty days' instruction, being under salary meanwhile, before being sent to his post. He hears lectures, given by officers of the department, about political conditions in the far East, the near East, &c. Together with other candidates, he learns something of international law from the law officer of the department; and in like manner he obtains some acquaintance with diplomatic ethics and methods of procedure; the relations between diplomatic officers and consular officers in foreign fields; customs and regulations governing trade in different parts of the world, and the keeping of such accounts as are required in connection with a legation or embassy.

The new appointee then starts for his post. He is entitled to draw upon the Secretary of State for his traveling expenses at the rate of 5 cents a mile. In every year he has sixty days' leave of absence. He may spend six months or four years in one place, the period of his assignment being indeterminate. The idea in view is to shift him about as may best suit the advantage of the service; and through frequent transfers from one part of the world to another he obtains a wide experience which is expected to prove useful.

As time goes on he returns to Washington every now and then, for a term of duty in the department. Acting, it may be, as an assistant to the chief of one or another of the bureaus in the department, the places at the latter's service knowledge which he has acquired abroad. For instance, if he has been stationed at Constantinople, he may find temporary and profitable employment in the Division of the Near East, helping with the correspondence relating to that part of the world.

This plan helps to keep the secretaries in touch with the department and its point of view. The whole of our diplomatic system nowadays is based upon the idea that every individual member of it shall know what every one else is doing. Thus all parts of the machine work together harmoniously. A man in Japan may have sudden occasion to take up a British, French, or German matter from his end, and it is important that he shall be able to operate it intelligently.

Should Know French.

The first service assigned to a new appointee is that of second secretary of legation, or third secretary of embassy. As for the post to which he is sent, it depends largely upon the man. If he happens to know how to speak Spanish, he is likely to be dispatched to some capital in Latin America. A good acquaintance with French may affect the problem.

As places of residence, Central American countries and some of the South American capitals are usually esteemed least desirable. But they afford the best opportunities for advancement, because there is always something doing, such as may give a bright young man a chance to exhibit efficiency and earn promotion. Brussels and The Hague are pleasant cities to live in, but things of importance in a diplomatic way rarely happen there.

A place in our diplomatic service, as it is now organized, is permanent, with good work and conduct. The young secretary is always under the orders of the head of the mission to which he is attached, who is required to report at intervals upon his efficiency and behavior. If he loafs or does not behave himself properly, he is liable to lose his job, as in any other business. Much of his routine work consists in transcribing the official communications of his embassy or legation, and recording them in books which are preserved as part of the archives of the office. He also classifies and indexes the originals of dispatches, "notes," &c. A "note," in diplomatic parlance, is a letter passing between an envoy and the head of the Foreign Office at the capital where he is stationed.

Wealth Desirable.

It is much better for a young man in the service to be a bachelor—especially if he has no private means. The government does not pay the traveling expenses of his family, and living in some foreign capitals is high. Secretaries attached to the important European missions sometimes find it difficult to subsist on their pay, and it is embarrassing for a minor diplomat not to be able to "keep up his end," so to speak, in social matters. Suppose that a first secretary is left in charge of an embassy during a temporary absence of his chief. He may feel called upon to give dinners; and who is going to pay for them?

Ordinarily a minor diplomatic officer in our own service can make his social responsibilities to a great extent what he pleases. Card leaving is a large part of them. He never lives with the head of the mission, and so is usually obliged to pay for his own quarters. In China, Turkey, and Japan, however, residences are provided for the secretaries. Thus at Pekin there is one house for the American Minister, and in the same "compound," or inclosure, dwellings for his subordinates.

Interpreters Replaced.

The service is American throughout, save for the fact that some of the interpreters attached to our missions abroad are foreigners. These latter are being replaced as fast as possible, however, with American "student interpreters," as they are called, in Turkey, China, and Japan. On being appointed, they are attached for two years to the mission in one or another of those countries, to study the language, and during that period they get $1,000 per annum. Then, on passing examinations satisfactorily, they become full-fledged interpreters, and rise through successive promotions finally to consular rank.

In the three countries mentioned there are "language secretaries," attached to the missions; and in China and Japan, respectively, there is also an "assistant Chinese secretary" and an "assistant Japanese secretary"—these places being filled from the student interpreter corps. The language secretaryships are filled by the promotion of assistant language secretaries, or by others from the same corps having a knowledge of the language required.

The secretary of legation to Persia, the third secretary of embassy to Japan, and the second and third secretaries of embassy to Turkey are required to be American students of the respective languages of those countries. Thus it will be seen that utmost stress is being put upon the complete Americanization of our diplomatic service, which from that very quality is expected to derive a most thorough and wide-awake efficiency.

RENE BACHE.

Von Bolton thinks that diamonds were formed in nature by the action of metal vapors, such as iron or magnesium, on carbon dioxide. He has succeeded in making microscopic diamonds by the action of mercury vapor on carbon